

















A SONG OF THE ENGLISH





FOLLOW AFTER—WE ARE WAITING, BY THE TRAILS  
THAT WE LOST,  
FOR THE SOUNDS OF MANY FOOTSTEPS, FOR THE  
TREAD OF A HOST.

*Frontispiece.*







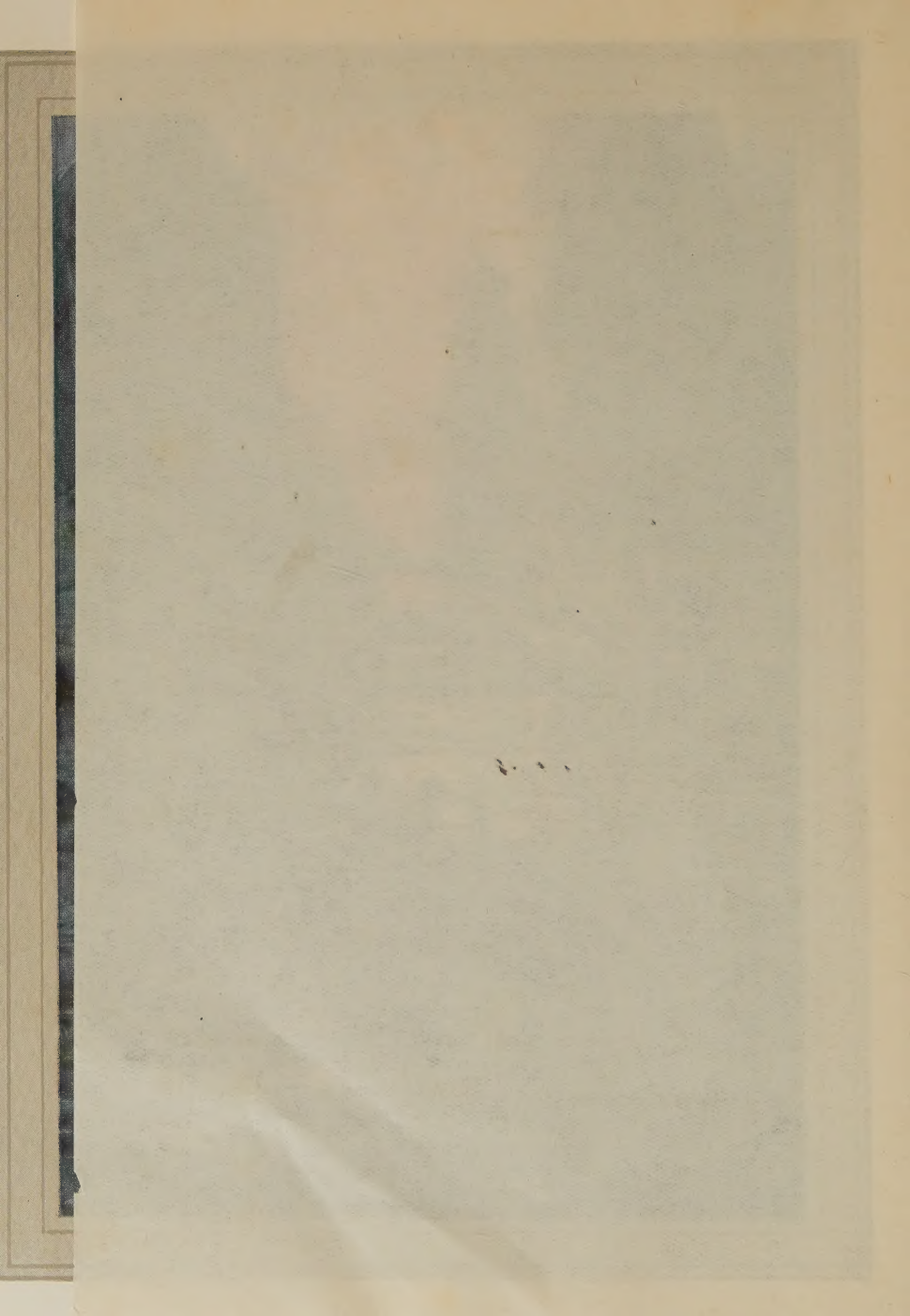


HEATH  
ROBINSON













# A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

BY RUDYARD  
KIPLING



*illustrated by*  
W. HEATH ROBINSON

Hodder & Stoughton, London







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in consenting to its issue as a separate volume*









## ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR

1. *Frontispiece.* Follow after—we are waiting, by the trails  
that we lost,  
For the sounds of many footsteps, for the  
tread of a host.
2. Through the endless summer evenings, on the lineless,  
level floors.
3. Come up, come in from Eastward, from the guardports of  
the Morn!  
Beat up, beat in from Southerly, O gipsies of the Horn!  
Swift shuttles of an Empire's loom that weave us, main to  
main,  
The Coastwise Lights of England give you welcome back  
again!



4. Then the wood failed—then the food failed—then the last  
water dried—

In the faith of little children we lay down and died.

5. On the sand-drift—on the veldt-side—in the fern-scrub we  
lay,

That our sons might follow after by the bones on the way.

6. Follow after—follow after—for the harvest is sown :

By the bones about the wayside ye shall come to your own !

7. When Drake went down to the Horn

And England was crowned thereby.

8. If blood be the price of admiralty,

Lord God, we ha' paid in full !

9. Those that have stayed at thy knees, Mother, go call  
them in—

We that were bred overseas wait and would speak with  
our kin.

Not in the dark do we fight—haggle and flout and gibe ;

Selling our love for a price, loaning our hearts for a bribe.



10. BOMBAY.

Royal and Dower-royal, I the Queen

Fronting thy richest sea with richer hands—

A thousand mills roar through me where I glean

All races from all lands.

11. SINGAPORE.

Hail, Mother! East and West must seek my aid

Ere the spent gear may dare the ports afar.

The second doorway of the wide world's trade

Is mine to loose or bar.

12. HALIFAX.

Into the mist my guardian prowls put forth,

Behind the mist my virgin ramparts lie,

The Warden of the Honour of the North,

Sleepless and veiled am I!









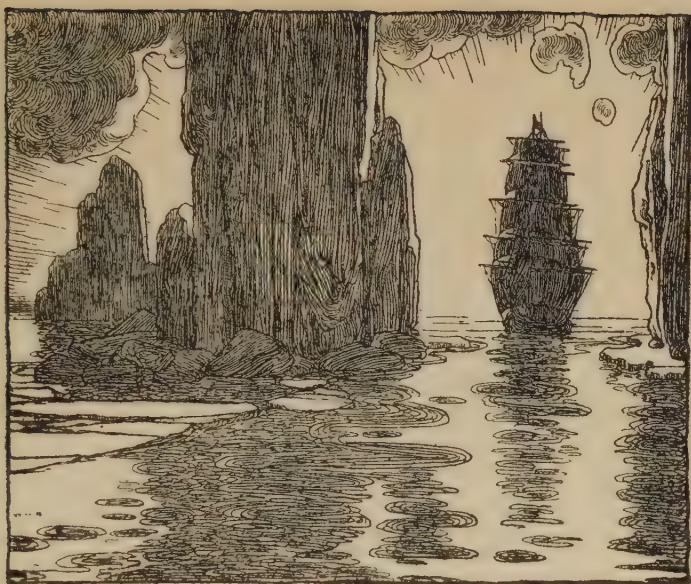
# A SONG OF THE ENGLISH











*Fair is our lot—O goodly is our heritage !*

*(Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your  
mirth !)*

*For the Lord our God Most High*

*He hath made the deep as dry,*

*He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all  
the Earth !*









*Yea, though we sinned—and our rulers went from  
righteousness—*

*Deep in all dishonour though we stained our  
garments' hem.*

*Oh be ye not dismayed,*

*Though we stumbled and we strayed,*

*We were led by evil counsellors—the Lord shall  
deal with them !*







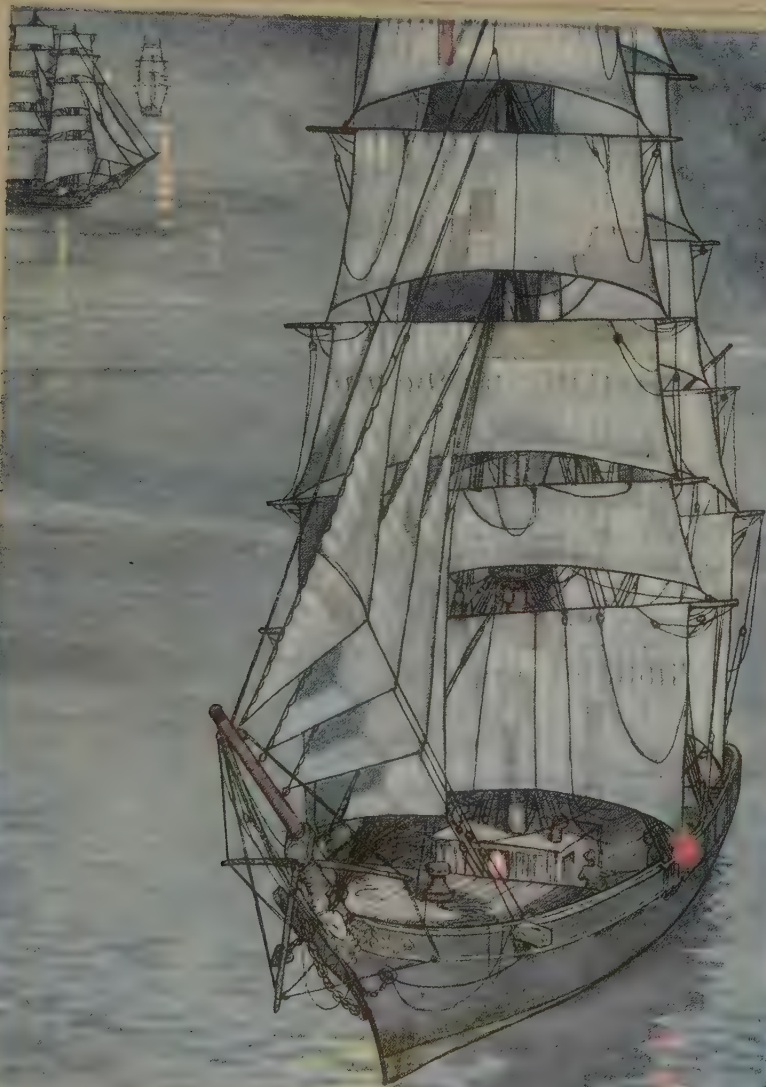


THE HISTORY OF THE  
LORDS OF THE MANOR OF  
ST. JOHN'S

















*Hold ye the Faith—the Faith our Fathers sealèd  
us ;*

*Whoring not with visions—overwise and over-  
stale.*

*Except ye pay the Lord  
Single heart and single sword,*

*Of your children in their bondage shall He ask  
them treble-tale !*









*Keep ye the Law—be swift in all obedience—  
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge  
the ford.  
Make ye sure to each his own  
That he reap where he hath sown ;  
By the peace among Our peoples let men know we  
serve the Lord !*

. . . . .







*Hear now a song—a song of broken interludes—*

*A song of little cunning; of a singer nothing worth.*

*Through the naked words and mean*

*May ye see the truth between*

*As the singer knew and touched it in the ends of  
all the Earth!*









# THE COASTWISE LIGHTS











THE LIGHTS OF ENGLAND GIVE YOU WELCOME BACK AGAIN!

THE LIGHTS OF ENGLAND GIVE YOU WELCOME BACK AGAIN!

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THE LIGHTS OF ENGLAND

THE LIGHTS OF ENGLAND GIVE YOU WELCOME BACK AGAIN!





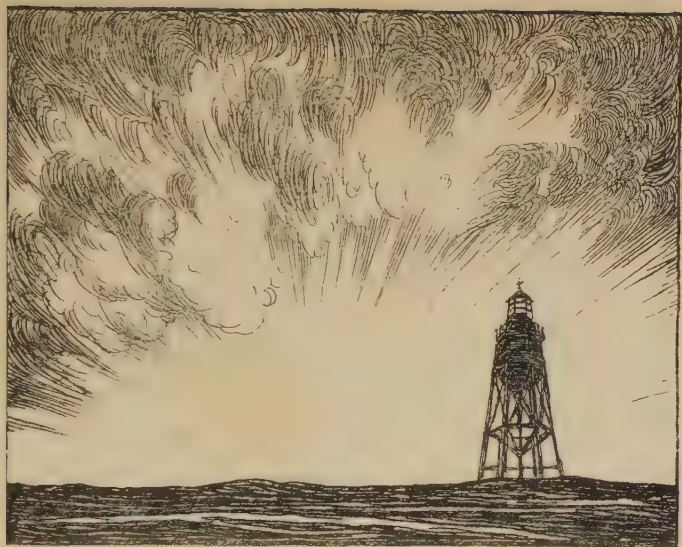












Our brows are bound with spindrift and the weed  
is on our knees ;

Our loins are battered 'neath us by the swinging,  
smoking seas.

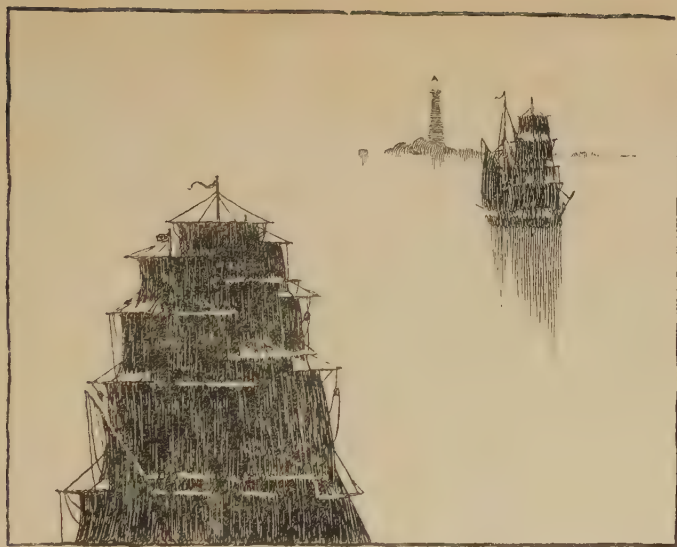
From reef and rock and skerry—over headland  
ness, and voe—

The Coastwise Lights of England watch the ships  
of England go !









Through the endless summer evenings, on the  
lineless, level floors ;

Through the yelling Channel tempest when the  
siren hoots and roars—

By day the dipping house-flag and by night the  
rocket's trail—

As the sheep that graze behind us so we know  
them where they hail.









We bridge across the dark and bid the helmsman  
have a care,

The flash that wheeling inland wakes his sleeping  
wife to prayer ;

From our vexed eyries, head to gale, we bind in  
burning chains

The lover from the sea-rim drawn—his love in  
English lanes.







We greet the clippers wing-and-wing that race  
the Southern wool ;  
We warn the crawling cargo-tanks of Bremen,  
Leith, and Hull ;  
To each and all our equal lamp at peril of the  
sea—  
The white wall-sided warships or the whalers of  
Dundee!







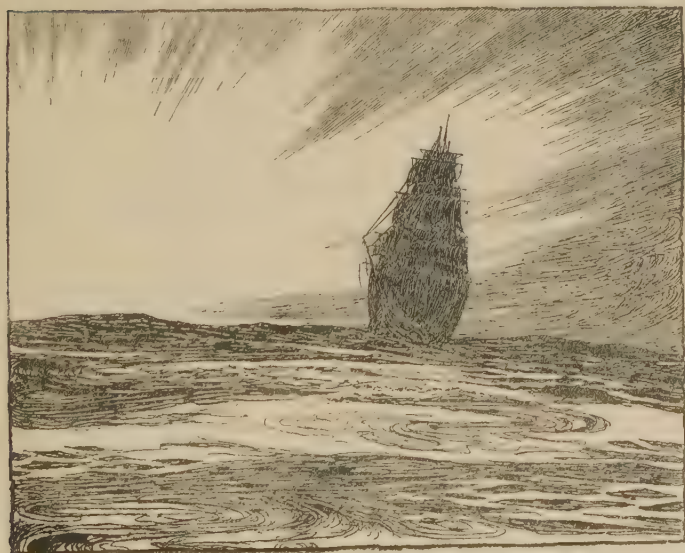


Come up, come in from Eastward, from the guard-  
ports of the Morn !

Beat up, beat in from Southerly, O gipsies of the  
Horn !

Swift shuttles of an Empire's loom that weave us,  
main to main,

The Coastwise Lights of England' give you  
welcome back again !











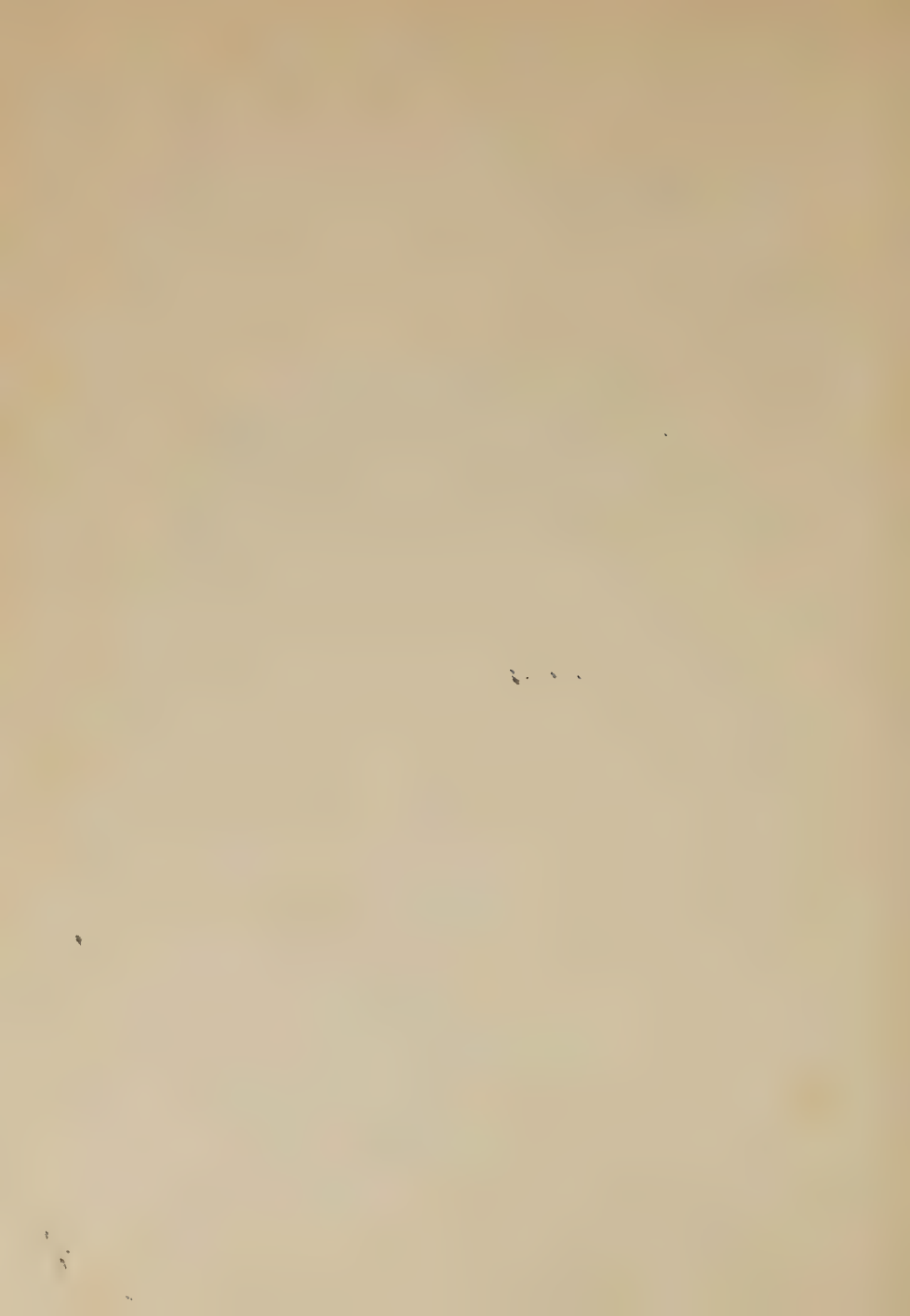
Go, get you gone up-Channel with the sea-crust  
on your plates ;

Go, get you into London with the burden of your  
freights !

Haste, for they talk of Empire there, and say, if  
any seek,

The Lights of England sent you and by silence  
shall ye speak !







# THE SONG OF THE DEAD











*Hear now the Song of the Dead—in the North by  
the torn berg-edges—*

*They that look still to the Pole, asleep by their  
hide-stripped sledges.*

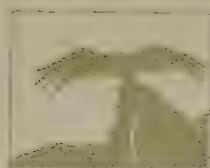
*Song of the Dead in the South—in the sun by their  
skeleton horses,*

*Where the warrigal whimpers and bays through  
the dust of the sere river-courses.*









THEY TOLD ME THAT—THEY TOLD ME THAT—THEY TOLD ME THAT  
THEY TOLD ME THAT—THEY TOLD ME THAT—THEY TOLD ME THAT  
THEY TOLD ME THAT—THEY TOLD ME THAT—THEY TOLD ME THAT

















*Song of the Dead in the East—in the heat-rotted  
jungle hollows,*

*Where the dog-ape barks in the kloof—in the brake  
of the buffalo-wallows.*

*Song of the Dead in the West—in the Barrens,  
the waste that betrayed them,*

*Where the wolverine tumbles their packs from the  
camp and the grave-mound they made them ;*

*Hear now the Song of the Dead !*







## I

We were dreamers, dreaming greatly, in the man-  
stified town ;

We yearned beyond the sky-line where the strange  
roads go down.

Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came the  
Power with the Need,

Till the Soul that is not man's soul was lent us  
to lead.

As the deer breaks—as the steer breaks—from the  
herd where they graze,

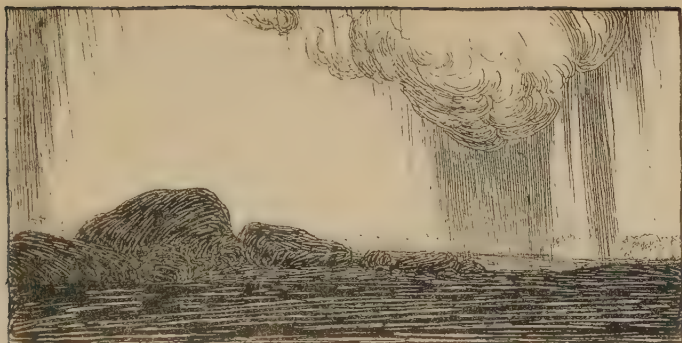
In the faith of little children we went on our ways.











Then the wood failed—then the food failed—then  
the last water dried—

In the faith of little children we lay down and  
died.

On the sand-drift—on the veldt-side—in the fern-  
scrub we lay,

That our sons might follow after by the bones on  
the way.

Follow after—follow after! We have watered the  
root,

And the bud has come to blossom that ripens for  
fruit!









Follow after—we are waiting, by the trails that  
we lost,

For the sounds of many footsteps, for the tread of  
a host.

Follow after—follow after—for the harvest is  
sown :

By the bones about the wayside ye shall come to  
your own !



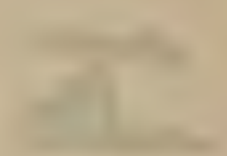






ON THE PARADISE—ON THE MOUNTAINS—IN THE VAIN-GLORY WE LAY,  
FIRST ON A MOUNTAIN OF GOLD, AFTER BY THE BONES ON THE WAY.





...



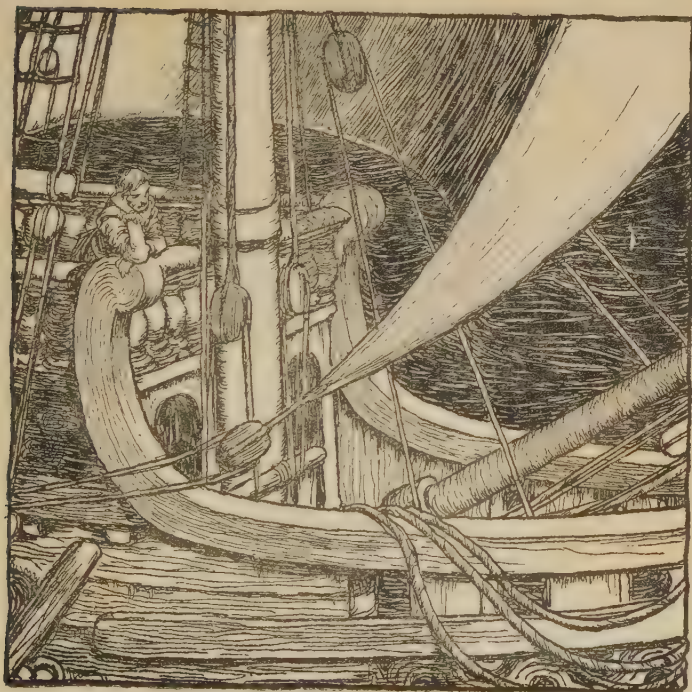








*When Drake went down to the Horn  
And England was crowned thereby,  
'Twixt seas unsailed and shores unhailed  
Our Lodge—our Lodge was born  
(And England was crowned thereby !)*









*Which never shall close again  
By day nor yet by night,  
While man shall take his life to stake  
At risk of shoal or main  
(By day nor yet by night)*











*But standeth even so  
As now we witness here,  
While men depart, of joyful heart  
Adventure for to know  
(As now bear witness here !)*









II

We have fed our sea for a thousand years  
And she calls us, still unfed,  
Though there 's never a wave of all her waves  
But marks our English dead :  
We have strawed our best to the weed's unrest  
To the shark and the sheering gull.  
If blood be the price of admiralty,  
Lord God, we ha' paid in full!









THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON  
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME  
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, ESQ. OF NEW-YORK















There 's never a flood goes shoreward now

But lifts a keel we manned ;

There 's never an ebb goes seaward now

But drops our dead on the sand—

But slinks our dead on the sands forlore,

From the Ducies to the Swin.

If blood be the price of admiralty,

If blood be the price of admiralty,

Lord God, we ha' paid it in !

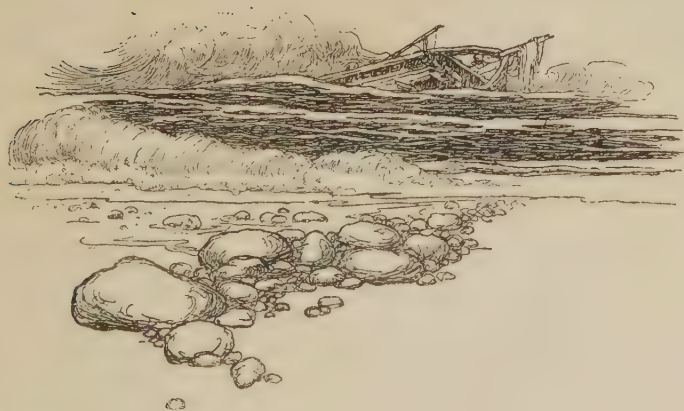








We must feed our sea for a thousand years,  
For that is our doom and pride,  
As it was when they sailed with the *Golden Hind*,  
Or the wreck that struck last tide—  
Or the wreck that lies on the spouting reef  
Where the ghastly blue-lights flare.  
If blood be the price of admiralty,  
If blood be the price of admiralty,  
If blood be the price of admiralty,  
Lord God, we ha' bought it fair!

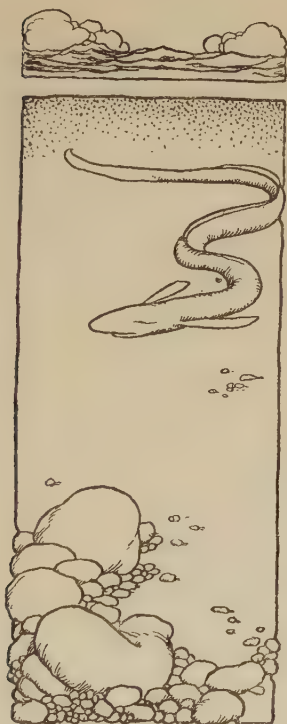








## THE DEEP-SEA CABLES











The wrecks dissolve above us ; their dust drops  
down from afar—

Down to the dark, to the utter dark, where the  
blind white sea-snakes are.

There is no sound, no echo of sound, in the  
deserts of the deep,

Or the great grey level plains of ooze where the  
shell-burred cables creep.









THEY WERE THE FIRST TO SEE THE WORLD  
AND THEY WERE THE FIRST TO LEAVE IT.













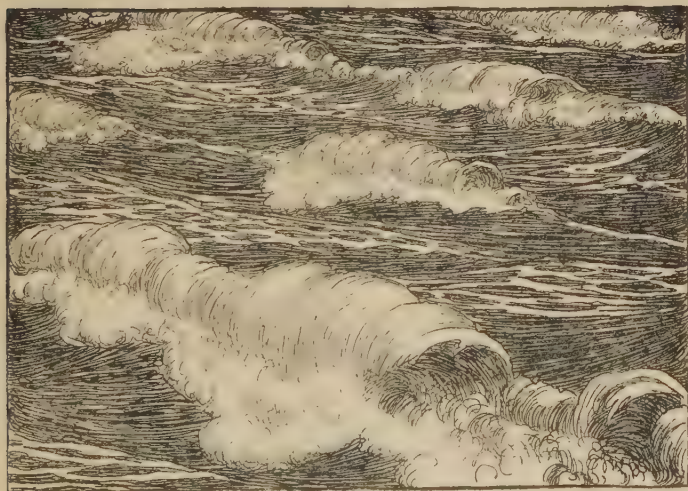


Here in the womb of the world—here on the tie-  
ribs of earth

Words, and the words of men, flicker and  
flutter and beat—

Warning, sorrow and gain, salutation and  
mirth—

For a Power troubles the Still that has neither  
voice nor feet.











They have wakened the timeless Things; they  
have killed their father Time;

Joining hands in the gloom, a league from the  
last of the sun.

Hush! Men talk to-day o'er the waste of the  
ultimate slime,

And a new Word runs between: whispering,  
'Let us be one!'







# THE SONG OF THE SONS











One from the ends of the earth—gifts at an open  
door—

Treason has much, but we, Mother, thy sons have  
more!

From the whine of a dying man, from the snarl of  
a wolf-pack freed,

Turn, and the world is thine. Mother, be proud  
of thy seed!

Count, are we feeble or few? Hear, is our speech  
so rude?

Look, are we poor in the land? Judge, are we  
men of The Blood?









IT BEING OF THE PRIZE OF ADMIRALTY  
LORD HOWE OF THE CITY OF FLORE















Those that have stayed at thy knees, Mother, go  
call them in—

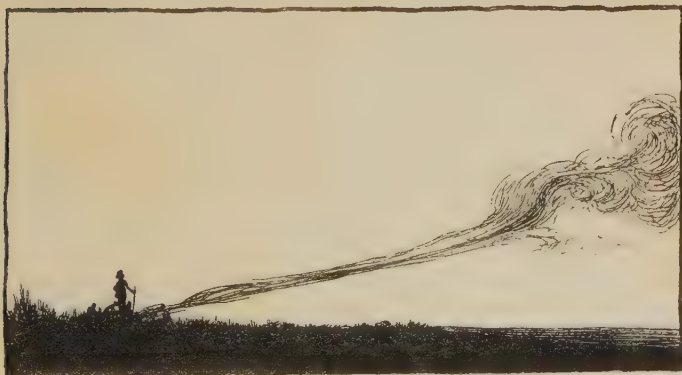
We that were bred overseas wait and would speak  
with our kin.

Not in the dark do we fight—haggle and flout and  
gibe ;

Selling our love for a price, loaning our hearts for  
a bribe.

Gifts have we only to-day—Love without promise  
or fee—

Hear, for thy children speak, from the uttermost  
parts of the sea !









# THE SONG OF THE CITIES











### BOMBAY

Royal and Dower-royal, I the Queen

Fronting thy richest sea with richer hands—  
A thousand mills roar through me where I glean  
All races from all lands.









### CALCUTTA

Me the Sea-captain loved, the River built,  
Wealth sought and Kings adventured life to  
hold.

Hail, England! I am Asia—Power on silt,  
Death in my hands, but Gold!





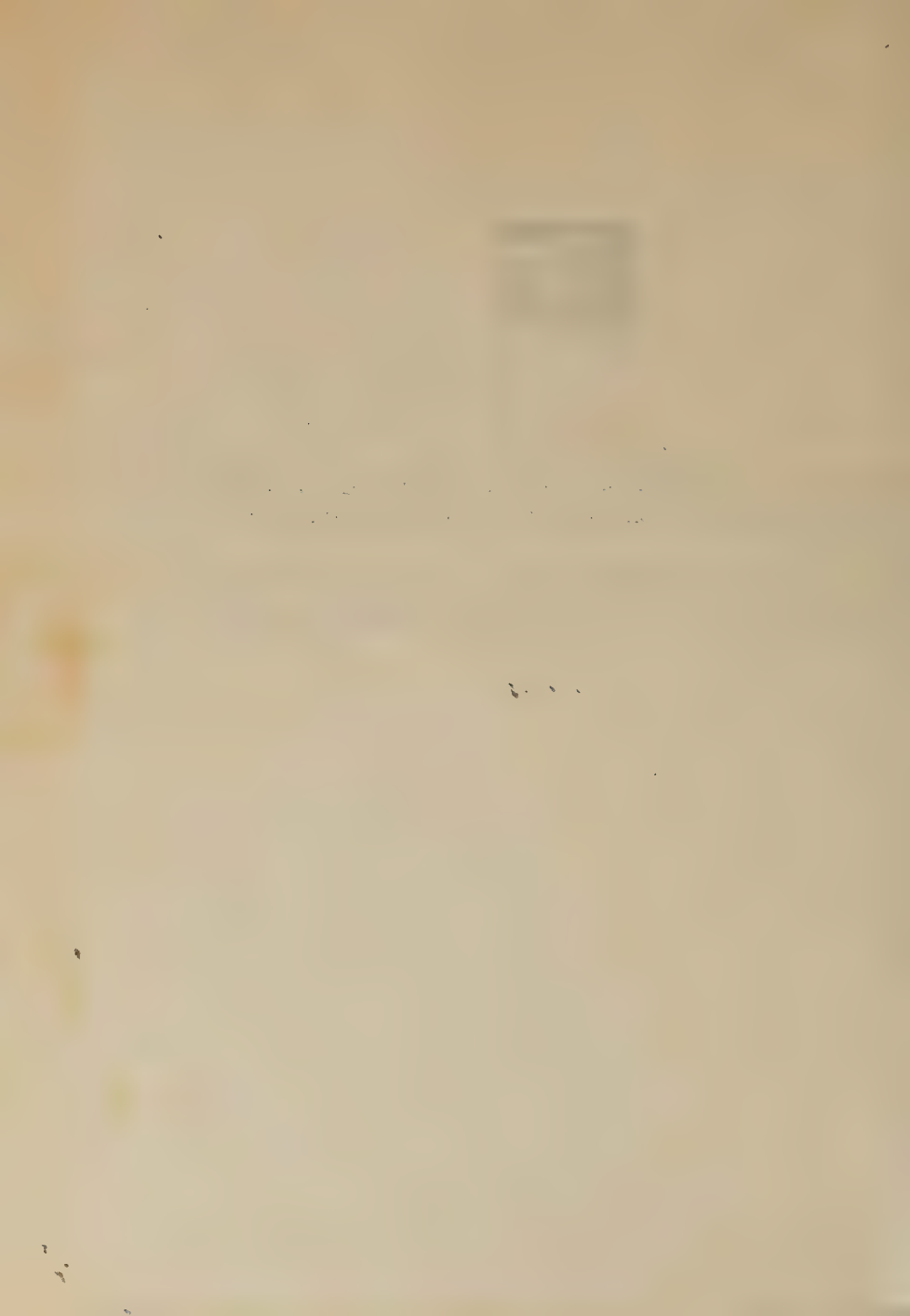




THOSE THAT HAVE STAYED AT THE INNS, BOONIE, DO CALL THEM IN--  
WE THAT WERE ONCE OVERSEAS WAIT AND WOULD SPEAK WITH  
OUR KIN.

FOR IN THE GARDEN WE FIGHT--HAGOLE AND FLOUT AND GIBB,  
SEEKING THE GIVE FOR A BRIDE, LOANING OUR HEARTS FOR A BRIDE.

















MADRAS

Clive kissed me on the mouth and eyes and  
brow,

Wonderful kisses, so that I became  
Crowned above Queens—a withered beldame  
now,

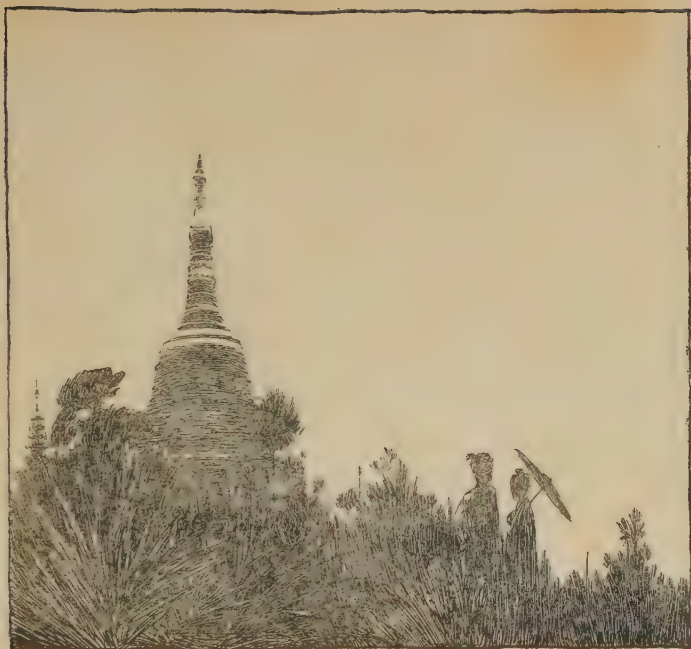
Brooding on ancient fame.

L









RANGOON

Hail, Mother! Do they call me rich in trade?

Little care I, but hear the shorn priest drone,  
And watch my silk-clad lovers, man by maid,  
Laugh 'neath my Shwe Dagon.









### SINGAPORE

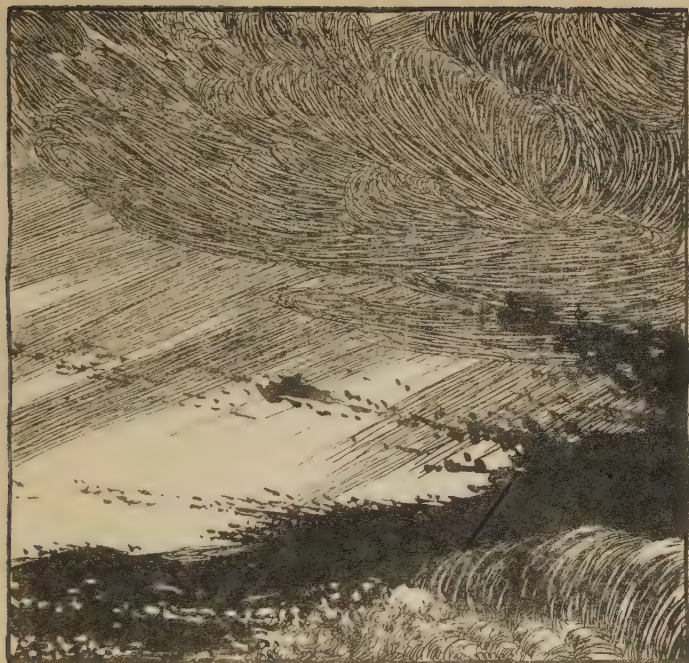
Hail, Mother! East and West must seek my  
aid

Ere the spent gear may dare the ports afar.  
The second doorway of the wide world's trade  
Is mine to loose or bar.









#### HONG-KONG

Hail, Mother! Hold me fast; my Praya sleeps  
Under innumerable keels to-day.  
Yet guard (and landward), or to-morrow sweeps  
Thy warships down the bay!









# ROMNEY

ROMNEY AND DOVER STRAIT, & THE QUEEN

(SHOWING THE BEACHES, & THE WHITE SANDS—)

A MOUNTAIN VIEW FROM THROUGH THE STRAITS & CLIFF

ALL RACES FROM ALL LANDS.



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### HALIFAX

Into the mist my guardian prowls put forth,  
Behind the mist my virgin ramparts lie,  
The Warden of the Honour of the North,  
Sleepless and veiled am I!









### QUEBEC AND MONTREAL

Peace is our portion. Yet a whisper rose,  
Foolish and causeless, half in jest, half hate.  
Now wake we and remember mighty blows,  
And fearing no man, wait!









VICTORIA

From East to West the circling word has passed,  
Till West is East beside our land-locked blue ;  
From East to West the tested chain holds fast,  
The well-forged link rings true !









### CAPETOWN

Hail! Snatched and bartered oft from hand to  
hand,

I dream my dream, by rock and heath and pine,  
Of Empire to the northward. Ay, one land  
From Lion's Head to Line!





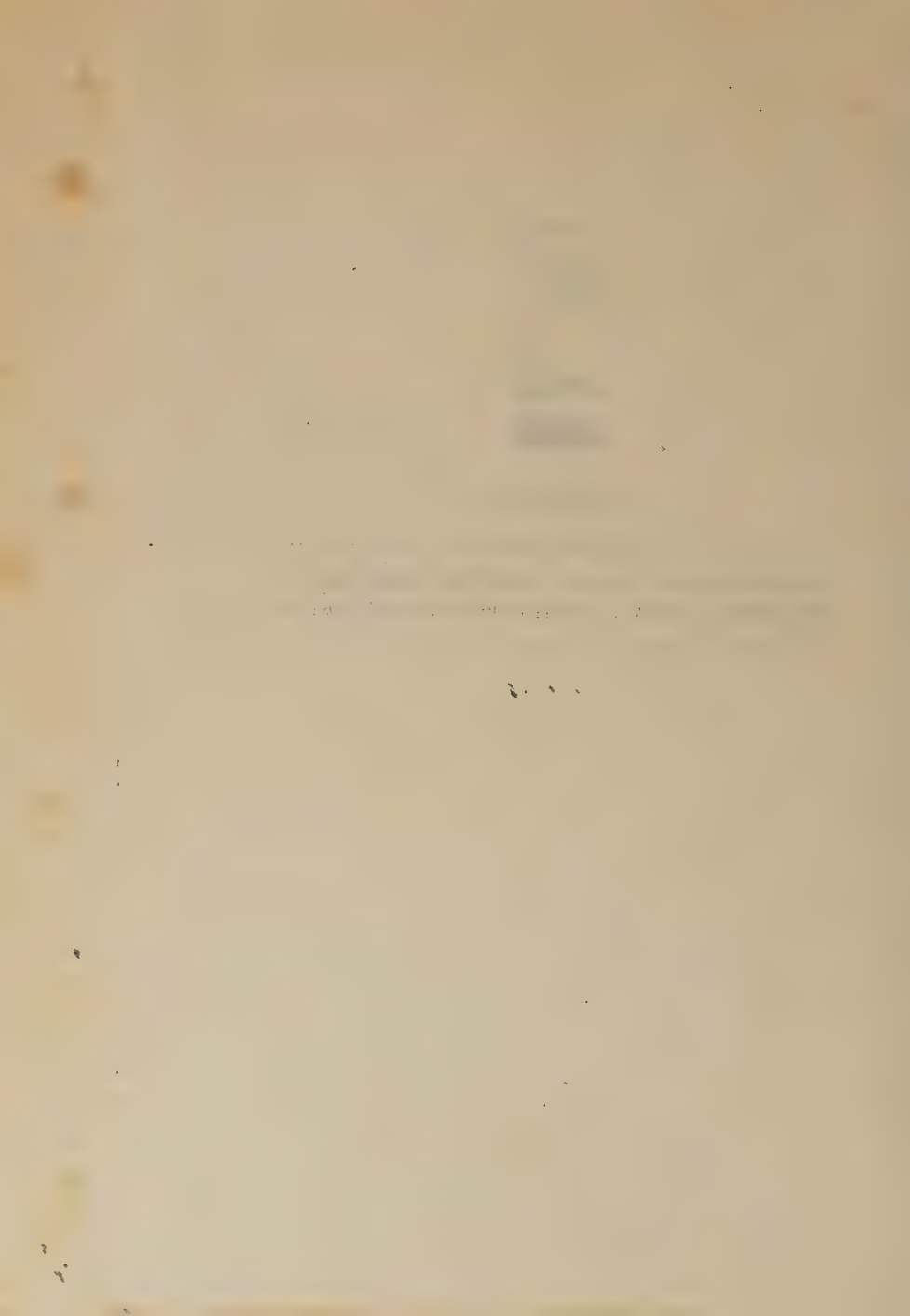




## SINGAPORE

SAIL, MOTHER! EAST AND WEST MUST SEEK MY AID  
ERE THE SPENT GEAR MAY DARE THE PORTS AFAR.  
THE SECOND DOCKWAY OF THE WIDE WORLD'S TRADE  
IS MINE TO LOOSE OR BAR.

















### MELBOURNE

Greeting! Nor fear nor favour won us place,  
Got between greed of gold and dread of  
drouth,  
Loud-voiced and reckless as the wild tide-race  
That whips our harbour-mouth!









SYDNEY

Greeting! My birth-stain have I turned to  
good;

Forcing strong wills perverse to steadfastness;  
The first flush of the tropics in my blood,  
And at my feet Success!









BRISBANE

The northern stirp beneath the southern skies—

I build a Nation for an Empire's need,  
Suffer a little, and my land shall rise,  
Queen over lands indeed !









HOBART

Man's love first found me ; man's hate made me  
Hell ;

For my babes' sake I cleansed those infamies.  
Earnest for leave to live and labour well,  
God flung me peace and ease.









### HALIFAX

ONTO THE MIST MY GUARDIAN FROWN PUT FORTH,  
BEHIND THE MIST MY VIRGIN BAMPANTS LIE,  
THE WARDEN OF THE HONOUR OF THE NORTH,  
SLEEPLESS AND SMILED AS I'

















### AUCKLAND

Last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart—

Or us, on us the unswerving season smiles

Who wonder 'mid our fern why men depart

To seek the Happy Isles!







# ENGLAND'S ANSWER











Truly ye come of The Blood ; slower to bless than  
to ban ;

Little used to lie down at the bidding of any  
man.

Flesh of the flesh that I bred, bone of the bone  
that I bare ;







Stark as your sons shall be—stern as your fathers  
were.

Deeper than speech our love, stronger than life  
our tether,

But we do not fall on the neck nor kiss when we  
come together.











My arm is nothing weak, my strength is not  
gone by ;

Sons, I have borne many sons, but my dugs are  
not dry.

Look, I have made ye a place and opened wide  
the doors,







That ye may talk together, your Barons and  
Councillors—

Wards of the Outer March, Lords of the Lower  
Seas,

Ay, talk to your grey mother that bore you on her  
knees!—











That ye may talk together, brother to brother's  
face—

Thus for the good of your peoples—thus for the  
Pride of the Race.

Also, we will make promise. So long as The  
Blood endures,







I shall know that your good is mine : ye shall feel  
that my strength is yours :

In the day of Armageddon, at the last great fight  
of all,

That Our House stand together and the pillars do  
not fall.











Draw now the threefold knot firm on the nine-  
fold bands,

And the Law that ye make shall be law after the  
rule of your lands.

This for the waxen Heath, and that for the  
Wattle-bloom,







6  
This for the Maple-leaf, and that for the southern  
Broom.

The Law that ye make shall be law and I do not  
press my will,

Because ye are Sons of The Blood and call me  
Mother still.











Now must ye speak to your kinsmen and they  
must speak to you,

After the use of the English, in straight-flung  
words and few.

Go to your work and be strong, halting not in  
your ways,







Baulking the end half-won for an instant dole of  
praise.

Stand to your work and be wise—certain of sword  
and pen,

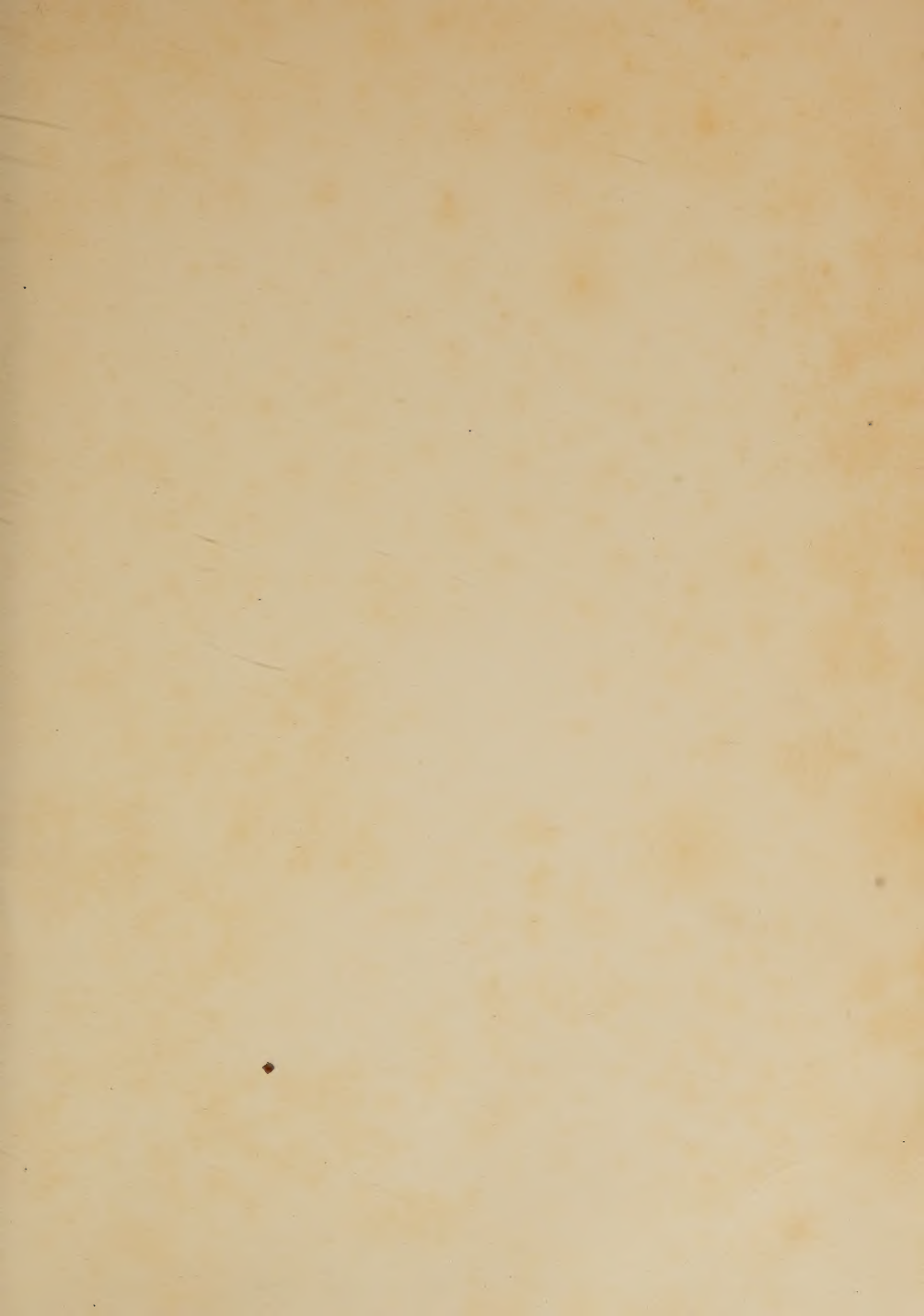
Who are neither children nor Gods, but men in a  
world of men !





*Edinburgh: T. and A. Constable, Printers to His Majesty*















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STORIES  
WIMB.